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# WORDS OF TRUTH

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# WORDS OF TRUTH.

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## "WORDS OF TRUTH."

We do not require the *expression in words* of sympathy — it is an indescribable something that betrays its existence.

—*Grace Aguilar.*

"It is an excellent plan to have some place where we can go to be quiet, when things vex or grieve us. There are a good many hard times in this life of ours, but we can always bear them if we ask help in the right way."

—*Louisa M. Alcott.*

"It's not half so sensible to leave a lot of legacies when one dies, as it is to use the money

wisely while alive, and enjoy making one's fellow-creatures happy with it."

—*Louisa M. Alcott.*

"KNOW your own affairs yourself, and don't be content to see them through other people's glasses."

—*Mrs. Alexander.*

WE may always know something of people's characters by the things with which they surround themselves.

—*T. S. Arthur.*

INTO even the desire to benefit others flows a blessing — how much higher the blessing for those who make desire an ultimate actuality.

—*T. S. Arthur.*

"THE Word of God is like music. Every hearer, though there should be hundreds and hundreds of them, takes the whole without robbing his neighbor."

—*Berthold Auerbach.*

FEELING without judgment is a washy draught indeed; but judgment untempered by feeling is too bitter and husky a morsel for human deglutition.

—*Charlotte Bronte.*

THE best teacher is the one who suggests rather than dogmatizes, and inspires his listener with the wish to teach himself.

—*Bulwer.*

"ALAS! we interpret duty so variously. Of mere duty, as we commonly understand the word, I do not think I shall fail more than other men. But for the fair development of all the good that is in us, do you believe that we should adopt some line of conduct against which our whole heart rebels? Can you say to the clerk, 'Be a poet?' Can you say to the poet, 'Be a clerk?' It is no more to the happiness of a man's being to order him to take to one career when his whole heart is set on another, than it is to order him to marry one woman when it is to

another woman that his heart will turn. . . . . By the word happiness I would signify, not the momentary joy of a child who gets a plaything, but the lasting harmony between our inclinations and our objects; and without that harmony we are a discord to ourselves, we are incompletions, we are failures. Yet there are plenty of advisers who say to us, 'It is a duty to be a discord.' I deny it."

—*Bulwer.*

In the life of most there come, at times, great fiery trials or strong temptations; and as those trials are received, as those temptations are yielded to or resisted, so do they work for our weal or woe — so does our spiritual life progress or deteriorate. Not for nothing are they sent to us, those trials and temptations; and if they work as they are meant, a great onward stride will often at once be made in a life which might otherwise have remained stagnant for many a year.

—*L. N. Comyn.*

HEAVEN sometimes converts our impossibles and inevitables into the very best blessings we have — most right, most natural, and most dear.

—*Mrs. Muloch Craik.*

OH! the blessing it is to have a friend to whom one can speak fearlessly on any subject; with whom one's deepest as well as one's most foolish thoughts come out simply and safely. Oh, the comfort — the inexpressible comfort of feeling *safe* with a person — having neither to weigh thoughts nor measure words, but pouring them all right out, just as they are, chaff and grain together; certain that a faithful hand will take and sift them, keep what is worth keeping, and then with the breath of kindness blow the rest away.

—*Mrs. Muloch Craik.*

WHO ever could paint a mother's face? It seems, or ought to seem, unlike every other face in the wide world. We have been familiar with it all our lives — from our cradle we have drank

it in, so to speak, like mother's milk, and looked up to it as we looked up to the sky, long before we understood what was beyond it — only feeling its beauty and soothing power.

—*Mrs. Muloch Craik.*

MERCIFULLY Heaven puts into some natures, especially those destined for a not easy life, a certain celestial leaven — a sense of the heroic, lovely, and divine — which the world calls romance, but which they themselves know to be that which sustains them in trial, braces them for bitter duties, comforts them when outside comforts are faint and few.

—*Mrs. Muloch Craik.*

Do you not now, O reader, if your years number more than some twoscore or so, recall the events of your childhood more clearly than you could have done at eighteen?

In the leafy summer-time we see only the screen of foliage that borders our pathway. Every hedgerow is full of life. Every branch

bears its bloom. But when autumn, like some grave and wise enchanter of old time, touches the world with his golden wand, and the transmuted leaves fall yellow from the bough, we look back through the open tracery, and the landscape we have traversed lies softly clear beneath our gaze.

—*Miss Dickens.*

"The originality of a subject is in its treatment."

—*Disraeli.*

It may appear strange, yet you will sometimes know of two people living together through months of silence, because the right moment passed without the needed words being spoken, and no other ever came.

—*Amanda M. Douglass.*

No life is all sunshine, nor was it so intended. And yet I think God doesn't mean us to fear the future. We are to take up daily events with

hopeful hearts, and shape them into a higher form than crude fragments.

—*Amanda M. Douglass.*

PEOPLE admire talent, and talk about their admiration. But they value common sense without talking about it, and often without knowing it.

—*Mrs. Gaskell.*

"I SOMETIMES think there's two sides to the commandment; and that we may say, 'Let others do unto you, as you would do unto them,' for pride often prevents our giving others a great deal of pleasure, in not letting them be kind, when their hearts are longing to help; and when we ourselves should wish to do just the same, if we were in their place. Oh! how often I've been hurt, by being coldly told by persons not to trouble myself about their care, or sorrow, when I saw them in great grief, and wanted to be of comfort. Our Lord Jesus was not above letting folk minister to Him, for He knew how happy it

makes one to do aught for another. It's the happiest work on earth."

—*Mrs. Gaskell.*

THERE are no secrets which yield to commonplace or superficial inquiry. But there are none which do not answer the resolute student, who pledges his life to his investigation. There are no evils healed by the commonplace resolutions of commonplace conventions, where a hundred people offer each the thousandth part of a life for the endeavor. But no one evil stands against the resolute purpose of one loyal man. Let society tell you, in its namby-pamby editorials, what is everybody's business, and you will find laid down for you in its neutral colors a picture of very level backgrounds, of very vague middle distances, whose foregrounds are crowded with undecided groups of dreamers, who are all preparing to begin to try. But do *you* tell society how *you* mean to serve mankind, find your own place and strike your own blow, and society will

meekly obey each true word you speak, and will fall into order at your requisition.

Hold to the level best which the commonplace of society demands of you, and you come out on the quagmire flat of the dismal swamp of worthless indecision.

Ask God to show your duty, and do that duty well; and from that point you mount to the very peak of vision. It may be that you plant there another beacon-light for the world!

—*Rev. E. E. Hale.*

We went on in our quiet way. Life was purer and simpler and less annoyed to us, because constantly, now, we met with near and dear friends whom we had not known a day before, and who looked up and not down, looked out and not in, looked forward and not backward, and were ready to lend a hand. Life seemed simpler to them, and it is my belief that, to all of us, in proportion as we bothered less about cultivating ourselves, and were willing to spend and be

spent for that without us, above us, and before us, life became infinite and this world became heaven.

—*Rev. E. E. Hale.*

THOSE who have the power of reproaching in silence may find it a means more effective than words. There are accents in the eye which are not on the tongue, and more tales come from pale lips than can enter an ear. It is both the grandeur and the pain of the remoter moods that they avoid the pathway of sound.

—*T. Hardy.*

"TIME does not seem of the least consequence to most people," thought Margaret, "or money either, for that matter. I wonder if rich people dream how we covet what they waste of both." The remembrance of Susie, wearily tossing all alone through that half hour, came to her with a a pang. Sickness is nothing to the rich. It can't be half as much as it is to us, with all the care and anxiety it brings to poor people. I don't suppose it ever comes into their minds

what a blessing it is to be able to take care of those they love, and never have to leave them when they are suffering."

It certainly did not come into Margaret's, — for we see only one side of the picture at a time, — how much these cares distract from the dull wearing anxiety of those who sit by, powerless to aid, yet having nothing to call their thoughts from the suffering they witness! or, sadder still, how many are left to the care of a hireling, because that care can be purchased, with the ready excuse of health and spirits suffering from such close confinement!" Better the humble, self-sacrificing ministry of the poor, one to another, even though some necessities are hardly gained, and some comforts altogether wanting.

—*Mrs. Alice B. Haven.*

"If you want to be an angel in heaven, you must begin to plume your wings now, for it takes a long while to soar so high. Begin now, and be not afraid of falling."

—*Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz.*

If each one had to tell the history of fifteen years in his or her life, could any one of us undertake to vouch for the correctness of the record? — that it should not be palliated by self-love, colored by fancy, softened by memory? — that the mercifully effacing hand of time should not have swept away much of the mere material? For him who should have led the most tranquil life in outward seeming, it would be a task of greater difficulty, if other than the outlines of that life-history were demanded, than from him whose way should have lain, not "in the plain below," but where "the wind is loudest, on the highest hills." The chronicle must in all cases imply the passing away of familiar faces; vacant places by the hearth and in the heart; wayside graves along the path of the journey; and those slow changes in one's self, which sometimes imperceptibly transform the individual, with his circumstances and surroundings, during such an interval as this. When one has to tell the history of fifteen years in the life of another, only

the salient points can be dwelt upon; the current of time has to be crossed on stepping-stones.

—*Mrs. Cashel Hoey.*

I DO not believe there can be such a thing as a truly religious life without prayer. The religious soul must hold converse and communion with the Infinite, or its religion cannot live. It may be the simple expression of gratitude and desire. It may be the prostration of the soul in worship and adoration. It may be the up-springing of the spirit in strong aspiration; but in some way or form there must be prayer, or religion dies. There must be an open way between the heart of man and the heart of the Infinite — a ladder that reaches from the pillow of stone to the pillars of the Throne, where angels may climb and angels may descend — or the religious life of the soul can have no ministry.

—*Dr. J. G. Holland.*

How the heart catches at the least assurance

of that which it longs to believe! Oh, dry and dusty earth of which we are made, how soon is it fired by the least spark of hope!

—*G. P. R. James.*

"INDIFFERENCE to small neglects of duty leads to very serious errors; and voluntarily to choose for one's acquaintance those of whose habits we do not approve, is a willing exposure of ourselves to temptation."

—*Mrs. C. Jenkins.*

"HAPPINESS is no abstract, unchanging truth. What would make you happy now might make you wretched ten years hence; youth is made to wish and dream, and life to deny youth's dreams and wishes. And thank God it is so, else what a world of unquietness and passion and restlessness would this be."

—*Julia Kavanagh.*

WITHOUT being sentimental or sensitive, a man may find it somewhat galling to realize that the great joy or the great sorrow that has be-

fallen him does not appear to interest his neighbors in the faintest degree; and the lack of sympathy in the first case is almost as vexatious as in the last.

—*Geo. Lawrence.*

AMONGST the strange situations in life, there are few stranger, or, in certain respects, more painful, than the meeting after long absence of those who, when they had parted years before, were on terms of closest intimacy, and who now see each other changed by time, with altered habits and manners, and impressed in a variety of ways with influences and associations which impart their own stamp on character.

It is very difficult at such moments to remember how far we ourselves have changed in the interval, and how much of what we regard as altered in another may not simply be the new standpoint from which we are looking, and thus our friend may be graver, or sadder, or more thoughtful, or, as it may happen, seem less reflec-

tive and less considerative than we have thought him, all because the world has been meantime dealing with ourselves in such wise that qualities we once cared for have lost much of their value, and others that we had deemed of slight account have grown into importance with us.

—*Chas. Lever.*

VERY slight words and deeds may have a sacramental efficacy, if we can cast our self-love behind us, in order to say or do them.

–*Marian Evans Lewes.*

IF we had a keen vision and feeling of all ordinary human life, it would be like hearing the grass grow and the squirrel's heart beat, and we should die of that roar which lies on the other side of silence. As it is, the quickest of us walk about well wadded with stupidity.

—*Marian Evans Lewes.*

WHEN the stricken person is slow to recover and look as if nothing had happened, the striker easily glides into the position of the aggrieved

party; he feels no bruise himself, and is strongly conscious of his own amiable behavior since he inflicted the blow.

—*Marian Evans Lewes.*

"I MAY never have the opportunity to tell him I am sorry."

"It will be told him for you, Ethel."

"I may have to pass my life without seeing him again."

"But not without One who loves you far more than Cousin Thomas does; who suffers with every pain experienced by your heart, and echoes every repentant sigh you heave. O Ethel!" with clasped hands, falling on her knees beside the bed; "do try to believe that He is by you at this very moment, hearing every word, reading each thought, and able by a breath to fulfill your dearest wishes if you make them known to Him."

"I have forgotten Him so long," said Lady Ethel in a low voice.

"He has never forgotten you, dear."

"But that makes it so much harder. How can I go to Him just because I want something, when I never remembered Him in my happiness? It seems so mean."

"Nothing can be mean, dear, that brings us to His feet. And it is so sweet, while kneeling there, to think that He knows everything. There is no occasion even to speak to Him; our tears are all the explanation that He needs."

—*Florence Marryatt.*

"YOU have a wonderful power, Mervyn, of putting away from your thoughts anything you do not wish to think of, haven't you? It is a happy knack. But it is only a knack. I cannot give it a higher name. I have been thinking it is perhaps braver to look things firmly in the face than to put them so entirely away."

–*Florence Montgomery.*

"FALSEHOOD is never easy, dear Eleanor; people seize it as a shield, and it turns to a spear in

their hands, to pierce the bosoms it was meant to protect."

—*Hon. Mrs. Norton.*

LAST words and death-bed scenes occur oftener in books than in reality.

Last words are oftener the mutterings of some perhaps trivial dream, — the request for some comfort, or some change of pillows; the grateful recognition of some loved one, — than phrases which contain the full expression of the life-thought, or maxims which shall be the guidance of those who remain behind. Our lives, not our death-beds, most furnish these.

—*Ashford Owen.*

"THE only true way to live in this world, constituted just as we are, is to make all our employments subserve the one great end and aim of existence, namely, to glorify God, and to enjoy Him forever. But in order to do this, we must be wise task-masters, and not require of our

selves what we cannot possibly perform. Recreation we must have. Otherwise, the strings of our soul, wound up to an unnatural tension, will break."

—*Mrs. E. Prentiss.*

It is one great characteristic of genius to do great things with little things.

Passing through the world's long picture-gallery, it is oftentimes not the great paintings, not the court ceremonials, not the huge sea-pieces, not the representations of battle-fields, not the important portraits and the historical incidents which are photographed on our memories, which are stamped on our mental retina so indelibly that through the years they are never forgotten. It is not the large finished pictures which we went out to see, which we took, perhaps, much notice of at the time, that stay with us and remain in our memories longest; rather

it is the figure of some beggar child, the little glimpse of woodland scenery, the barren bleakness of some desolate moor, the hopeless languor of a dying man's hand, — these are the trifles, which, God knows why, we carry away with us. The scenes of great account at which we have been present, on which we have gazed, in which, perchance, we have been actors, pale and fade away from the canvas of our brains ; but so long as memory remains, there are slight gestures and passing expressions which recur to us again and again, and which will recur, till life leaves us and the mould be heaped over the spot where we lie.

—*Mrs. J. H. Riddell.*

THERE is nothing like religion lived out to open a heart closed against it.

'—*Rev. E. P. Roe.*

WHAT a heaven earth would be could we always appreciate all we have as keenly as we do when on the point of losing it !

*Alexander Innes Shand.*

I AM not aware that either she or Tasso Smith ever received for their misdeeds what the world calls punishment. But that any one is permitted to live on, unrepentant and unchecked, a life of selfishness, is perhaps, in the sight of a higher Wisdom, the greatest punishment of all.

—*J. T. Trowbridge.*

SHE came across some things that were cast aside as utterly worthless, and not a few that she hesitated to destroy, and finally put back again in their old places. How many such trifles we carry with us through life! — an end of ribbon, a few written lines, a faded flower, or some such insignificant memento! The article has lost all its real significance, for we forget it until chance drops it into our hands; but, why destroy it? Grant it a quiet resting-place where it has lain hitherto, because it was once dear to us. Those who come after us will make merry over such old odds and ends, and there will be short work with them one day.

'—*Ad. Von. Volckhansen.*

## "WORDS OF TRUTH."

"IT is like a fool to go back from what one has once begun."

"No, it is like a brave man, when one has begun wrong," said Friedel.

—*C. M. Yonge.*

## HOPE.

On a deep and dangerous ocean sails my trembling bark,
Where the winds are wildly sweeping, and the waves are dark.

Yet though tempests round me gather, and the thunders roar,
In my heart a fount of pleasure springeth evermore.

Hopes too great for mortal utterance, dreams I may not tell,
Like the presence of an angel in my bosom dwell.

What to me this stormy ocean, and this troubled sky?
Just beyond, and half revealéd, realms of glory lie.

There I hope to anchor safely when the voyage is o'er,
For a Pilot, wise and gracious, guides me evermore.

'Mid the threatening rocks He guides me, when the breakers foam,
O'er the quicksands darkly hidden, towards my glorious home.

## CHILDREN.

I LOVE these little people; and it is not a slight thing when they, who are so fresh from God, love us.

—*Dickens.*

A BIRD sings — a child prattles — but it is the same hymn; hymn indistinct, inarticulate, but full of profound meaning.

—*Victor Hugo.*

"WHAT sympathy children have with nature till education clouds it! How distinct the little face is in the flower, as if when the first hearts-

ease was fashioned there had been a thought in the heart of the Great Maker of the first child's face that should look into it ages after."

—*Jean Ingelow.*

As AN intense grief has had the power in a few hours to turn the hair white, so likewise can a sudden and severe encroachment upon the feelings, in the years of youth, instantly ripen the careless, undeveloped thought of the child, and kindle the light of ideas.

—*Madame Schwartz.*

I WONDER what the reason is that it is one of the first movements of affectionate feeling to change the name of the loved one. Give a baby a name, ever so short and ever so musical, where is the mother that does not twist it into some other pet name between herself and her child.

—*Mrs. H. B. Stowe.*

WIN your child to love heavenly things in his early years, and he will not forget them when he is old. It will be as a very shield, compassing

him about through life. He may wander astray — there is no telling —in the hey-day of his hot-blooded youth, for the world's temptations are as a running fire, scorching all that venture into its heat; but the good foundation has been laid, and the earnest incessant prayers have gone up, and he will find his way home again.

"THE CHANNINGS."—*Mrs. Henry Wood.*

# RUTH.

"And Ruth said, Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."—RUTH I. 16.

THINE is a deathless fame,
Daughter of Moab; thou with willing feet
Didst turn thee from thy people's idol shrines,
To seek a shelter 'neath the shadowing wing
Of Israel's God.

Were there no yearnings deep,
No bitter pangs within thy woman's heart,
When thou didst bid thy native land farewell,
And turn away from those familiar paths,
Where thou hadst grown beneath the watchful eye
Of sweet maternal love? How didst thou nerve
Thy soul to meet thy gentle mother's tears,
Thine aged father's stern reproachful words,
The cold and bitter taunts of those who said
That thou wast mad to leave thy nation's gods,
And wander forth into a distant land,
With that poor, friendless woman whom thou call'dst
With deepest love, thy mother?

God, who saw
The purpose of thy heart, did strengthen thee

In that stern trial, as He ever does
The weak and tempted; watching o'er thy path,
And waking in thy heart deep thoughts of joy
Even when thy way was darkest.

'Mid the sheaves,
When thou didst rest at noon, perchance thy heart
Held sweet communion with the mighty One,
When Israel's promised King should bless the earth
With endless joy and peace. And didst thou dream,
My gentle sister, that His holy Name
With thine would be entwined?—that Judah's kings
Should spring from thee, and through thine honored race,
The Lion of the tribe should yet appear?

Thine is an honored name,
Daughter of Moab! Would our hearts might burn,
Like thee, to turn from country, wealth, and friends,
Counting them all but loss, that we may win
The favor of our God.

## MEN AND WOMEN.

"It is, indeed, as good fun as a cynic could ask," to hear a man, after worrying over a dozen minor miseries, all suggested by some accidental rub to a hidden raw on the surface of his self-conceit, turn upon his wife — baited into a fit of crying — and from the proud eminence of his superior reason, tell her she is a "weak fool."

—*Mrs. Alexander.*

To see a highly-wrought, passionate woman jealous, is often a grand picture; for there may be sublimity in a mental and emotional storm as well as in a material one. But to see a gentle nature struck to the heart by this demon, is a sorrowful sight; there is no thunder and lightning and wrath to sustain the energy of such a

one, but only tears, and silent, unutterable anguish. Such a woman struck by jealousy is like a dumb animal that has received its death-wound.

*Mary Clemmer*

I BELIEVE single women should have more to do — better chances of interesting and profitable occupation than they possess now. And when I speak thus, I have no impression that I displease God by my words; that I am either impious or impatient, irreligious or sacrilegious. My consolation is, indeed, that God hears many a groan, and compassionates much grief which man stops his ears against, or frowns on with impotent contempt. I say *impotent*, for I observe that to such grievances as society cannot readily cure, it usually forbids utterance, on pain of its scorn; this scorn being only a sort of tinseled cloak to its deformed weakness. People hate to be reminded of ills they are unable or unwilling to remedy: such reminder, in forcing on them a sense of their own incapacity, or a more painful

sense of an obligation to make some unpleasant effort, troubles their ease and shakes their self-complacency. Old maids, like the homeless and unemployed poor, should not ask for a place and an occupation in the world; the demand disturbs the happy and rich.

—*Charlotte Bronte.*

CIMOURDAIN was one of those men who have an interior voice to which they listen. Such men seem absent-minded; no, they are attentive.

—*Victor Hugo.*

MEN like women to reflect them; but the woman who can only reflect a man, and is nothing in herself, will never be of much service to him.

—*George MacDonald.*

THE General's lion-like face glowed with good humor, so that kind words bubbled out of him like water from a spring; and every sentence was flavored with deep hidden thoughts, as water is charged with the properties of the soil

through which it passes in its upward course to air, undergoing some such transformations as the voice when it rises into meaning.

—*Grenville Mellen.*

It is a curious anomaly to notice how harsh the very excess of a woman's sensibility frequently renders her.

She feels one side of a question so deeply, that there is no room left in her nature for considering even the possibility of there being another side at all.

—*Mrs. J. H. Riddell.*

"Men with hobbies are my detestation, Miss Walton."

"Nevertheless, they are the true knights-errant of our age. Of course it depends upon what kind of hobbies they ride, or whether they can manage their steeds."

"Miss Walton, your figure suggests a half idiot, with narrow forehead and one idea, banging back and forth on a wooden horse, but making

no progress — in other words, a fussy, bustling man who can do and talk but one thing."

"Your understanding of the popular phrase is narrow and literal, and while it may have such a meaning, can also have a very different one. Suppose, instead of looking with languid eyes alike upon all things, a man finds some question of vital import, or pursuit that promises good to himself and many others, and that enlists his interest. He comes at last to give it his best energies and thought. The whole current of his life is setting in that direction. Of course he must ever be under the restraints of good sense and refinement. A man's life without a hobby is a weak and wavering line of battle indefinitely long. One's life with a hobby is a concentrated charge."

—*Rev. E. P. Roe.*

In the whole range of human feelings there is not a sensation that approaches so near to meek-

ness, as the pride of a woman who feels a wrong but gives it no utterance.

—*Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.*

SOMETHING coarse and vulgar in his nature exhaled, like a powerful odor, through the assumed shell of a gentlemen, which he tried to wear, and rendered the assumption useless.

—*Bayard Taylor.*

MARTHA DEANE'S voice was of that quality which compels an answer, and a courteous answer, from the surliest of mankind. It was not loud, it could scarcely be called musical; but every tone seemed to exhale freshness as of dew, and brightness as of morning. It was pure, slightly resonant; and all the accumulated sorrows of life could not have veiled its inherent gladness. It could never grow harsh, never be worn thin, or sound husky from weariness; its first characteristic would always be youth, and

the joy of youth, though it came from the lips of age.

—*Bayard Taylor.*

"How like a water-lily she looks among the others! white, still, graceful, as though she had been gathered up suddenly from the broad, slow current where her life had ripened, silent and serene, into a great white purity and fragrance, and the dew is on her still, and the sunlight!"

—*Virginia F. Townsend.*

BETWEEN these two there had grown up, now during a period of many years, that undemonstrative, unexpressed, almost unconscious affection which with men will often make the greatest charm of their lives, but which is held by women to be quite unsatisfactory, and almost nugatory. It may be doubted whether either of them had ever told the other of his regard. "Yours always," in writing, was the warmest term that was ever used. Neither ever dreamed of suggesting that the absence of the other would be a

cause of grief or even of discomfort. They would bicker with each other, and not unfrequently abuse each other. Chance threw them much together, but they never did anything to assist chance. Women who love each other as well will always be expressing their love, always making plans to be together, always doing little things each for the gratification of the other,—constantly making presents backward and forward. These two men had never given anything, one to the other, beyond a worn-out walking-stick or a cigar. They were rough to each other, caustic and almost ill-mannered. But they thoroughly trusted each other; and the happiness, prosperity, and, above all, the honor of the one, were to the other, matters of keenest moment.

—*Anthony Trollope.*

THE match-making of mothers is the natural result of mothers' love, for the ambition of one woman for another is never other than this—

that the one loved by her shall be given to a man to be loved more worthily.

—*Anthony Trollope.*

She was like a breeze that set everything fluttering, and left the whole house freshened after she had passed on.

—*Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.*

BAKER-SMITH-ANDER

## LITTLE BY LITTLE.

"Little by little," the torrent said,
As it swept along in its narrow bed,
  Chafing in wrath and pride;
"Little by little, and day by day;"
And with every wave it bore away
A grain of sand, from the banks which lay
  Like granite walls on either side.

I came again, and the rushing tide
Covered the valley far and wide,

For the mighty banks were gone;
Little by little, and day by day,
A grain at a time, they were swept away;
And now the fields and meadows lay
Under the waves, for the work was done.

"Little by little," the tempter said,
As a dark and cunning snare he spread
For the young unwary feet;
"Little by little, and day by day,
I will tempt the careless soul astray,
Into the broad and flowery way,
Till the ruin is made complete.

"That maiden's soul, so pure and true,
I will blacken with falsehood through and through;
But first with a little sin,—
A little malice, a little pride,—
And when the stains grow deep and wide,
I will give her a mask of lies to hide
The ruin which lies within.

"That young man looks with an eager eye
Where the glittering guerdons of honor lie,
And girds himself for the strife;
I will tempt his lips with the sparkling bowl,
Music and mirth shall ensnare his soul,
And so, while the endless ages roll,
He shall mourn o'er a wasted life."

Little by little, sure and slow,
We fashion our future of bliss or woe,
  As the present passes away;
Our feet are climbing the stairway bright,
Up to the region of endless light,
Or gliding downward into the night,
  Little by little, and day by day.

## LOVE.

THERE are some people that we love so intensely that we can hardly speak even of our own love for them without tears.

—*Rhoda Broughton.*

WHERE man's thoughts are all noble and generous, woman's feelings all gentle and pure, love may follow, if it does not precede; and if not — if the roses be missed from the garland, one may sigh for the rose, but one is safe from the thorn.

—*Bulwer.*

LOVE, at last, shall lave the feet that never wearied running on love's errands.

—*Caroline Chesebro'.*

"WELL, but Arthur, did she marry him after all?"

Arthur looked wistfully a moment at his aunt.

"Marry him! Bless you, no, Aunt Winnifred. She was a goddess. Goddesses don't marry."

Aunt Winnifred did not answer. Her eyes softened like eyes that see days and things far away — like eyes in which shines the love of a heart that, under those conditions, would rather not be a goddess.

—*Geo. Wm. Curtis.*

TONY knew nothing of love personally; like Miss Surtown, he had never had any time for it, but he felt interested in the love affairs of those two young folks. It was like reading a pretty poem; and Tony really had some taste for poetry or a delicious little bit of fiction, and was fond of a clever story or a good novel. It was a little bit of romance introduced into his life, like a sweet song in a woman's voice mingling its

melody with all the discordant cries and clamors of a mob at election-time.

—*Mrs. Eiloart.*

First love! It is but a word: yet, like that fabled word which only to pronounce would raise the dead, it has strange magic in it, and opens wide the sepulchres of the past!

–*Amelia B. Edwards.*

If, instead of the neatly-rounded, reciprocal passions of three-volume fiction, the crude, *unfinished* love-stories of all hearts could be made known, I wonder which of the world's imperial Libraries would have space to hold the romances that might be written?

—*Mrs. Annie Edwards.*

Oh, thou, whoever thou art, who hast guardianship over one fond heart, fear not to breathe in words the tenderness thou art content only to feel. Break down the barrier of pride that opposes thine utterance, and let thy words gush

forth in showers of tenderness, fertilizing the dry and thirsty heart. The time may soon come when the hand which now seeks the warm pressure of yours will be cold and pulseless, — when the rosy doors of speech, which your silence has so often closed, will be shut forever: for there is no voice in the grave, nor any fond device. The electric wire is broken that sent the thrill from heart to heart. The lightning glance is quenched in night. The living is cut off from the dead. Love stands shivering on the brink of the dividing chasm, and over its bridgeless depths goes forth the wailing accents:

"Come back, poor cheated heart, receive all the wealth of which thou hast been defrauded. Roll away the stone from the door of the sepulchre, even as I roll it away from the gates of speech, and learn the height, the length, the depth, of my unuttered love."

—*Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz.*

It is a wonderful subduer, this need of love —

this hunger of the heart — as peremptory as that other hunger by which Nature forces us to submit to the yoke, and change the face of the world.

—*Marian Evans Lewes.*

It is one of the most exquisite properties of love that thus in its trial-time it makes mean things sacred. I have said "in its trial-time," because the glorious glamour then prevails with all, but only with the few lasts on and on beyond the trial-time and forever, so that the love of Rachel glorifies Jacob in his fields and his ploughing, even when the hairs of both are whitening and their period of probation has become a fading memory. It is not loves' fault, but ours' — the fault of heedlessness and selfishness, of the world, the flesh, and the devil — that the glorifying power ever loses its command over any life.

—*Justin McCarthy.*

Perhaps next to the pleasure of doing all for

those we love best, the joy of receiving all ranks highest.

"THE QUIET HEART."—*Mrs. Oliphant.*

SURELY love, if nothing else, inclines the soul to feel its helplessness and be prayerful, to place its treasures in a Father's hand.

—*Mrs. H. B. Stowe.*

DESPITE the wealth of womanly feeling that had been aroused in her recently, she was more of a child than ever in her manner to her parents that night. Perhaps it was the knowledge that she was longing to try her wings abroad that made her fold them so softly now.

—*Annie Thomas.*

LIFE was so sweet; love was so all-sufficient. The vivid days and perfumed nights were a part of the all pervading blessedness. In the morning she awoke, with lids like unclosing lilies feeling the sunlight before they part; at night, she slept, the leaves of her soul fast-folded over odorous dews of dreams.

—*Mrs. Victor.*

# WHAT IS LIFE?

A Free Translation from the French of Lamartine.

Musing in my heart I questioned, what with life have
I to do,—
Following where my fathers wandered, must I in
their steps pursue?
Must I with the crowd press onward, to what goal I
do not know,
Like the simple lamb which follows wheresoe'er the
flock may go?

Some there are who, boldly seeking golden treasures
on the sea,
Find their hopes, O stormy ocean, often swallowed
up in thee;

Others, who with eager footsteps climb the slippery steeps of fame,
Perish on the glittering summit, frenzied by an empty name.

Some, to rule o'er human passions, on the crater build a throne,
And amid the flames and ashes, scarred and blasted, dwell alone;
Some to love are willing captives; some are victims to the wine,
And while foundering 'mid the breakers, deem the syren's song divine.

Careless waster of his moments, sloth will sleep in hunger's arms;
Thrift awakes before the sunlight, drives the plane and tills the farms;
Students burn the oil at midnight; warriors triumph 'mid the slain,
And the beggar by the wayside, lean and eager, counts his gain.

Yet where go they? Where the leaves go which the autumn winds pursue,
Back into the faithful bosom whence their transient life they drew;

One by one they fall and perish 'mid the ceaseless toil and strife,
Time, the reaper, gleans the harvest from the fruitful field of life.

Vain they struggle; generations, like the sands upon the shore,
Which a rushing stream sweeps onward, pass away and come no more;
From the cradle to the grave-yard, how like flitting shades they seem,—
Have they lived? O Jesus, tell me, is not all of life a dream?

As for me, henceforth I'll labor not for earthly wealth or fame,
But I'll sing of God my Maker, praise and magnify His name;
In the quiet of the desert, 'mid the city's noise and strife,
Morn and eve, on shore and ocean, this shall be the work of life.

"Who is He?" the earth-born question; "Whom thou singest, who is He?"
He whose Spirit fills creation as the waters fill the sea;

He who with a step can measure boundless and
unfathomed space,
Who the universe illumines with the glories of His
face;—

He who spake and worlds unnumbered sprang from
nothing at His word;
Who the power to trace its orbit on each whirling
sphere conferred;
He to whom the endless ages, past and future, all
are known;
He who o'er the hosts of heaven reigns in majesty
alone.

This is He, the Lord of glory, He whose praise
inspires my tongue;—
Sons of mortals, bow before Him, join the songs by
seraphs sung;
Golden harps about His altar, to their hallowed notes
I'll sing;
I will praise Him though He slay me, my Creator
and my King.

## THE DEPARTING YEAR.

The sad departing year
Glideth away from earth with noiseless wings;
Oh, could we see the record which it bears
Up to the King of kings!

It came with gifts of love,
The snows of Winter and the Spring's soft showers,
The songs of happy birds in every grove,
The sisterhood of flowers.

It brought the Summer sun,
Ripening the fields of yellow waving grain,
Perfecting what the vernal rains begun
On every hill and plain.

It poured th' Autumnal horn,
And plenty hovered o'er with angel smile,
While singing reapers bound the golden corn,
And children laughed the while.

It came with days of grace;
Each in itself a gem of price untold,
And dropping one by one, with solemn pace,
And finger still and cold.

It pointed to the sea,—
That shoreless sea where endless ages roll;—
That dread and fathomless eternity
To which it bore the soul.

Its mission is fulfilled;
Sadly and silently its latest hour
Stealeth away;—my soul is awed and thrilled
By its relentless power!

Oh, whither hath it flown?
And whither hath it borne me in its flight?
Upward on angel pinions towards the throne,
The realm of joy and light?

Or downward, like the stream
Which bears the trembling bark to the abyss,
Where one wild plunge dissolves the idle dream
Of safety and of bliss?

Awake, my careless soul!
With solemn awe receive the coming year;
Let no vain hopes thy wayward thoughts control.
Eternal things are near!

## SORROW.

WHAT mortal strength can be sufficient for the weight of the great chain of discipline that goes through every life, and binds it to the eternal shore beyond the waves of this troublesome world? No mortal strength can; its accumulated weight, only for an instant, would sink the stoutest struggler; but, link by link, not looking impatiently beyond, but looking patiently down, humbly and faithfully accepting it as the only means of safety, hard and rough and heavy as it maybe, it can be borne, and it will bring us surely to the haven where we would be. But, greedy of our sorrow as of our pleasure, vehement and unreasonable, we drag a weight upon

ourselves we have no warrant to suppose we shall have power to bear, and struggling, half crushed beneath the selfishly and morbidly retained burden of yesterday, and the dreaded but yet unbestowed calamity of to-morrow, we question, in our intolerable distress, if God has not broken His promise that we shall not be tempted above what we are able to bear. No verily; but we have broken faith with Him. We have not believed that one day's evil was sufficient for it, but have pulled down upon it the evil of many; and so, very likely, our punishment is greater than we can bear.

How often when we go about in the thoroughfares of a great city, we may be close to persons whose souls are filled with tumultuous agitation, whose destinies are hanging on a thread, or whose hopes have been suddenly crushed, who may have just taken a fatal or an heroic resolution, and we know it not! Children of the same Father in heaven — all creatures of God, and

members of the same race — we remain strangers to all but a few of that vast kindred of ours. Isolated by the boundless size of the great human family, it is only when some great visible calamity, or some casual event, breaks the silent barrier between man and man, that the relationship is felt and acknowledged. Have we not sometimes seen a face in the streets, or in a carriage in the parks, which has dwelt in our recollections from its expression of more than common mental anguish, and we have prayed that our common Father may take pity on that unknown brother or sister, and send them Him who is emphatically called the Comforter. Perhaps such prayers have been said for us erewhile, and drawn down upon us some secret blessings.

—*Lady Georgiana Fullerton.*

It would not do to say that Realmah never smiled again; but it might be true to say that he hereafter designed his smiles and never finished them.

—*Sir Arthur Helps.*

THE little graves, alas! how many they are! The mourners above them, how vast the multitude! Brothers, sisters, I am one with you. I press your hands, I weep with you, I trust with you, I belong to you. Those waxen folded hands, that still breast so often pressed warm to our own, those sleep-bound eyes which have been so full of love and life, that sweet, unmoving, alabaster face — ah! we have all looked upon them, and they have made us one and made us better. There is no fountain which the angel of healing troubles with his restless and life-giving wings so constantly as the fountain of tears, and only those too lame and bruised to bathe miss the blessed influence.

—*Dr. J. G. Holland.*

HE had too much respect for sorrow to approach it with curiosity. He had learned to put off his shoes when he drew nigh the burning bush of human pain.

—*George MacDonald.*

## THE BEREAVED.

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ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND WHO HAD LOST HER HUSBAND.

THE voice is hushed whose softest notes were sweeter
To thy sad heart than music's melting strain,
Richer than odors which the south winds scatter;
Yet may'st thou never hear its sound again.
Oft wilt thou listen when the night wind sigheth
Through the low branches of the household tree,
But no soft whisper to thine own replieth,
For he is gone whose love was all to thee.

Gone to the tomb, before the sun, declining,
Gave warning that the night of death was nigh,
While manhood's hopes around his heart were twining,
Hushed was that heart and quenched that ardent eye;—
That eye, whose every glance with kindness beaming,
Gilded thy path like sunlight on the sea,
Is calmly slumbering where no anxious dreaming
Will e'er disturb his heart with thoughts of thee.

Yet art thou blessed, for in thy lonely bosom
  The memory of his love will ever dwell,
Sweet as the incense of the dewy blossom,
  And sad as murmurs of the ocean shell.
Then, when the world is dark, in calm communion
  Thou wilt hold converse with the days gone by,
And the sweet promise of a better union
  Will draw thee upward to that realm on high,—

That glorious realm, where love may know no sadness,
  Where sin, and death, and darkness may not come,
Where the freed spirit wakes to songs of gladness,
  And hail in rapture its eternal home;—
There shalt thou find the lost, when life is over,
  And with a purer love your souls shall blend,
In the glad presence of man's pitying Lover,
  Your holy friendship will not fear an end.

---

WHAT is a man's first exclamation when he is shot through the lungs? What is the first outcry of despair from a broken heart? In either case the sufferer calls instinctively on his Maker. Be he a poor workman in a foundery, an obscure private in the ranks, or one who has spent his life in purple and fine linen, with all that the world holds best worth having at his feet, each child in its extremity appeals almost unconsciously to its Father. The soul flying to the lips renders this involuntary homage to its God.

—*Whyte Melville.*

"WOE'S me! it is a hard thing, whether it be in age or youth, to sound the deepness of folk's own spirit, and try how far down the pain can go."

—*Mrs. Oliphant.*

THERE is one misery, and perhaps only one in the long category of human ills, to which the mind cannot shape itself or get accustomed, namely, the torture of suspense. What we know

and can see the end of, though that end be desolation and blank death — the loss of all (for it seems all) we love — can in the end, be borne. Time, though we so passionately deny its power to do so, does heal that wound; the cure is slow, perhaps; it may take years, and every year to us a century; and now and again the wound, touched by some thoughtless hand, or touched by none — the revisiting a once-loved scene, a sound remembered, the scent of a living flower, or the sight of a dead one — any one of these may cause it to bleed afresh, as on the first day of loss; yet the cure is certain. But for Suspense there is no cure, no intermission, no relief. The sense of loss, however great and overwhelming, is occasionally forgotten; the mind escapes from it, and wanders free, or sinks exhausted with its burden into slumber. Occupation is more or less *possible* to us; the voice of genius can pierce through the mists of time, and absorb us for a little in its magic words. If music cannot charm us from our melancholy, it can soften

it, for it is the fountain of tears; but Suspense has no such assuagement. Books cannot rivet its eye, nor music its ear. It resents such would-be alleviations, as the sick babe in pain resents its nurse's lullabies. They hinder it from its one function of employment, which is to watch, to listen, to anticipate the evil that is about to fall, it knows not whence, and fulfill the haunting presage of Ruin.

—*James Payn.*

"But when the hour of trouble comes to the mind or to the body — and seldom may it visit your Leddyship — and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low — lang and late may it be yours! Oh, my Leddy, then it is na what we hae dune for oursells, but what we hae dune for others, that we think on maist pleasantly."

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

In the first agony of a great grief we can all be unreserved; but when sorrow has settled

itself into its place, and made for itself the home in our memories in which it must dwell till death, we can no longer bear that the eye of a fellow-creature should gaze upon it.

—*Miss Sewall.*

HUMAN creatures are like climates — some of a temperate atmosphere, take even life-long sorrow serenely — never forgetting, and never exaggerating its cause — never very wretched, if never quite happy. Others of a more torrid nature, have long sunny seasons of bird-like cheerfulness and happy forgetfulness, until some slight cause, striking "the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound," shall startle up memory — and grief, intensely realized, shall rise to anguish, and a storm shall pass through the soul, shaking it almost to dissolution. . . . . But the storm passes, and nature, instead of being destroyed, is refreshed and ready for the sunshine and the song-birds again. The elastic heart throws off its weight, the spirits revive,

and life goes on joyously in harmony with nature.

*—Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth.*

At certain periods of life we live years of emotion in a few weeks — and look back on those times, as on great gaps between the old life and the new. You do not know how much you suffer in those critical maladies of the heart, until the disease is over and you look back on it afterward. During the time the suffering is at least sufferable. The day passes in more or less of pain, and the night wears away somehow. 'Tis only in after days that we see what the danger has been — as a man out a hunting or riding for his life looks at a leap, and wonders how he should have survived the taking of it.

*—W. M. Thackeray.*

## HOPES OF YOUTH.

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Hopes of youth, how are they perished!
  Hopes that grew within my heart
Till I felt that of my being
    They had formed a part!

Hopes which tinged the shadowy future
  With a gorgeous golden dye,
Making life a fairy vision
    To my ardent eye.

One by one I've marked their going,
  Leaving in their place a pain;—
Hopes of youth, oh, will ye never,
    Never come again?

Hard and bare the future rises
  To my disenchanted sight,
Bitter are the winds of winter,
    Fierce the summer's light.

Withered are the flowers once glorious
  With the morning light and dew,
From the leaden sky around me
    Fled the golden hue.

## HOPE OF YOUTH.

O my heart, art thou forsaken?
  Bring the swiftly coming years
Only storms to blast thy blossoms,—
    Only care and tears?

Nay, for though the blossoms wither,
  There remain the ripening fruits,
As the tree of life expanding
    Downward strikes its roots.

Erom the ashes where have perished
  All the hopes which we deplore,
Like a Phœnix one ariseth,
    Living evermore;—

One that o'er the fearful river
  Sends a flood of glorious light
Making all the shore untrodden
    Beautiful and bright.

## THE DESTRUCTION OF SODOM AND GOMORRAH.

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Soft as a silken curtain, o'er the streams
  And bosky hills the mists of morning hung,
And Mamre's vale, fair as the land of dreams,
  With tuneful voices 'mid the palm trees rung ;
  The birds, awaking, joyful matins sung ;
And fragrant flowers, with balmy dewdrops bright,
  Their grateful incense on the breezes flung,
And ope'd their petals soft to catch the light,
When first the orient beams dispelled the shades of night.

From troubled sleep the aged patriarch rose,
  And sought with anxious steps the mountain's brow ;
O'er the broad vale where Jordan proudly flows
  He cast his eyes ; and while the golden glow
  Of morning clouds seemed kindling all below,

The towers of Sodom burst upon his view.
  Fair seemed those cities in the valley low,
Girt with green hills and wet with glittering dew,
Nor dreamed they that so near the hour of vengeance
    drew.

As yet no harbinger of wrath appeared,
  No sign of danger in the peaceful sky,
In the blue vault no thunder tones were heard,
  No warning voice proclaimed destruction nigh;
  But on the summit of that mountain high
The prophet stood, and where those cities lay
  He fixed the vision of his anxious eye;
For well he knew that morn would bring a day
Whose memory from the earth would never pass
    away.

For in the east the dazzling sun arose,
  And o'er the earth a flood of glory flung,
And thousands, waking from their short repose,
  With buoyant hearts to life and motion sprung;
  With noisy shouts the streets of Sodom rung,
And answering sounds were heard from Admah's
    towers,
  And many a wanton song was gaily sung,
Amid Zeboim's fair and fragrant bowers,
And many a fair young brow was wreathed with
    dewy flowers.

But in the sky a low black cloud appeared,
  Its dark edge fringed with strange, unearthly fire,
And in the heavens such fearful sounds were heard
  As when the raging elements conspire
  To shake the trembling nations in their ire.
On like a whirlwind came that fiery cloud,
  Till o'er the plain it hung in horror dire,
And from its bosom, on those cities proud,
It poured the burning shower, a nation's awful shroud.

And fearful was the horror and despair
  When burst that fiery tempest in the sky;
And 'mid the curling smoke and lurid glare
  Of sulphurous flames poured on them from on high,
  There rose to heaven a wild appalling cry,
From thousands waking to their awful doom,
  No hope of mercy, no deliverer nigh!
Oh, who may tell how dread that hour of gloom
Which wrapped that guilty race in such a fiery tomb!

On swept the flames o'er many a palmy bower
  Where pleasure erst had led her wanton train;
Wild burst the blaze from many a princely tower
  Which oft had rung with music's softest strain;
  The peasant's cot, the consecrated fane

Where men had blindly bowed to wood and stone,
  All, all were wrapped in that devouring flame,
Which 'mid the gloom in awful grandeur shone,
And like a banner waved o'er ruins all its own.

But soon, the work of stern destruction o'er,
  The cloud retired, the sulphurous vapor fled,
And in the sky the glorious sun once more
  Shone o'er those smoldering cities of the dead;
  And in their place the sullen billows spread,
With many a fearful wreck and ruin strewn,
  Dashing a shore whence life and joy had fled;
For desolation claimed the spot his own,
And o'er the ruins reared his solitary throne.

And there still rolls that dark, sepulchral sea,
  As first it rolled above that smoking plain;
And on the shore is seen no fruitful tree,
  No blushing flowers in Spring, nor ripening grain;
  No healthful breezes sweep its dark domain,
No cheerful canvas on its breast is spread,
  But mournfully the bitter waves complain,
And sigh their requiem o'er th' unnumbered dead
Who sleep amid the caves of its unfathomed bed.

## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

WIDE AWAKE is a handsome magazine, edited with judgment and taste, and containing, in good proportion, the elements essential to success.—*Congregationalist.*

Boston has again a juvenile magazine for the girls and boys. The first number, now ready, is a bright and readable one in its literature, and attractive in its pictures.—*N. Y. Independent.*

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It is as bright and sparkling as the most exacting youngster could ask.—*Detroit Free Press.*

WIDE AWAKE is as bright as though every page were a face, and every face sparkled with the eyes of daisies. It costs only two dollars a year, post paid, and should be made to gladden the heart of childhood everywhere.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*

We heartily wish it "God speed" in its mission of healthful instruction and pleasure, to the hearths and homes throughout our land.—*Boston Cultivator.*

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If the rising generation proves not to be exceptionally literary, it will not be the fault of our publishers. Another magazine, devoted to the interests of the young, has just been established by D. Lothrop & Co., of this city. It bears the "taking" name of WIDE AWAKE, and is edited by Miss Ella Farman, an accomplished young author. The first two numbers are full of promise in text and illustrations, and the publishers will spare no pains to enhance its attractions. The list of contributors contains the names of many of the most successful writers for children in England and America,—names which are a guaranty of wholesome, as well as pleasant and instructive reading. The WIDE AWAKE is published monthly, at the low price of two dollars per year, by D. Lothrop & Co., 38 and 40 Cornhill, Boston.—*The Literary World.*

Our opinion of the new candidate for popular juvenile favor is very high.—*Cincinnati Times.*

WIDE AWAKE is a juvenile magazine. The contents are by well-known artists and authors. The stories are spirited, bright and humorous, and the illustrations are always excellent. Ella Farman edits this charming magazine, and she seems to be entirely capable of understanding the wants of the boys and girls.—*Philadelphia City Item.*

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